

Why Not Form \$10 per year Club to Help Alma Mater?

VOX DISCIPULI

Established in conjunction with D. I. P. O.

(In this issue we are introducing an entirely new feature).

Question: What do you think of college spirit at Dalhousie?

Answers:

Kenny Faulkner (Engineering '47)—"I think it is pretty poor. The students don't turn out in a body to watch the games and they don't show any spirit. I guess it should improve with the new Frosh class. The spirit here is even worse than at Q.E.H. They should have a real organized pep rally and bring out some new yells."

Blair Dunlop (Arts & Science '47)—"The lack of spirit is not the students' fault. It is the situation of the college. Any time there's a basketball game on, there's always something better on somewhere else. They need a better turnout for the games. College sport should come before any outside attractions. I think interfaculty sport should be stressed too, and I made B—in my last two themes."

Liz Reeves (Arts '47)—"Dalhousie has lots of spirit, but not the kind we want. Everyone goes out and yells their heads off. But do they yell our famous (?) old U-pi-dee? Oh no! They yell their old school yells—Q.E.H., Mt. A., St. F.X., Acadia, etc. I suppose it is because these yells have snap to them—so with the brains we of Dal. brag about why don't we write a few yells that will be really worth shouting about, and deserving of our teams which have made a definitely fine show with a minimum of support."

Art Hartling (Arts '45)—"I think college spirit this year is the highest it has ever been for many years. With a few good pep rallies we could really get the upper classmen enthusiastic. As president of the Glee Club, etc. etc., I will be available at any time to help the committee out in this important work. Let's hope we get some real good yells when the contest opens."

Fred Martin (Law '46)—"In my opinion we shall never have a college spirit comparable to that in the other Canadian universities until we have a men's residence on the Campus. That is among the most outstanding needs in a post-war university program — meantime, the men being in the majority, perhaps we should take over Shirreff Hall."

Fred Taylor (Law '47)—"If anything is wrong with Dalhousie College Spirit, it may be that the students are fully occupied in maintaining the high scholastic record of the University, and have not as much time to spend on the so-called "extra curricular activities" of which other colleges in the Maritimes, of a lower standard, boast. Esprit de corps may not develop to the extent one might wish because the University is divided between two camps with the students of one rarely meeting those of the other."

Graham Batt (Law '47)—"College spirit is lacking at Dalhousie, because INDIVIDUALISM is the very root of the idea behind Dalhousie. The first impression that a stranger to the university gets, is that Dal is a very individualistic college. This is contributed to by the fact that a large part of the student body is enrolled in professional faculties. The great majority of the students are so intent in forwarding their own personal ambitions that either they have no time for, or simply cannot be bothered with taking an active part in college activities."

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(Dalhousie Organ of Puerile Enigmas)

QUESTION: WHAT DO YOU LIKE TO DO AT A PARTY?

Blissfully unaware of any controversial discussions that might arise from this question, we, in all our bland innocence, trotted happily around the campus to see what might be gleaned. Our first interview occurred with Gwen Satchel, perpetual Freshette. Her answer was illuminating. Crossing her shapely legs (she happened to be sitting at the time), and putting a cigarette to her lips, she gazed at us for a time without speaking. Squirming under her direct gaze, we tried in vain to shift the subject. Gwennie finally remarked, "Why boys, haven't you any idea? Wouldn't you like to take me to a party and see?" Bashfully, for our tongues were hanging out, we murmured something about Math. 34, and removed ourselves from her presence. However, with our next questionee, our masculine dominance arose. Grabbing a few breaths of fresh air on the library steps was Mary Quite, Arts '47, and when we posed the query, she was delighted to give her opinion. "I like to talk and talk and talk", she declared, damming the ready flow of verbiage that came from her ruby lips. "I like to meet a nice boy, and get settled comfortably in a secluded corner, with the lights turned low, and just talk," she stated with an unconscious air of anti-climax. "You'd be surprised at the conversations we have. I met the sweetest boy in English 9 the other day, and we talk and talk and talk about Xenophon and Senecanism, and all sorts of thrilling topics. Why, just the other night—", but before she could get further we thrust a copy of "Forever Amber" into her hands and left. In desperation, we turned on an innocent young Engineer standing agape. He blushed, and tied himself into knots before he got the words out. "I-I-I-I-I-like to f-f-f-f-f-orget where I-I-I-I am an—aw, nuts, I like to neck!" Well! We stood there aghast at the new spirit of Dalhousiana before us, and then, belatedly, it occurred to us, that we did, too! L'amour! L'amour! You'd be dead without it!

Another deep mystery is the reason for Dick Moulton's staying out some nights as late as 9.30. As Louie says, still waters run fast.

The favorite drafting room speculation these days is whether Dick Currie is really Shorty Faulkner's "old man". The master burper of them all had nothing on this young upstart, who occasionally lets loose with a stomach-curling noise he terms "the burper's mating call".

Highlight of the entertainment provided last week by the Drawing 1 lab was the bout between Don Purchase's elbow and Blackie the Ink Bottle. The scene, a nearly completed plate; the winner, right elbow by a knockout, with Blackie down for the spill. Move over, Kipper.

Though the University has not agreed to give Profanity 1 the status of a bona fide modern language, the Mechanics 3 class has decided to instruct any members suffering from a deficiency. Unfortunately, no outsiders are allowed, but witness Proc: he has already reached the "Oh, fiddlesticks!" stage, and the sky's the limit.

AW, LET HER DREAM! The rain was something awful, everyone

Workable Scheme Suggested To Enrich Coffers of University

(Editor's Note: While the above has not the sanction of any university or student authority, we feel it is meat for consideration).

Suppose there are 150 graduates (normal times) of the University each year. Suppose that their actual earning powers should extend over a period of 40 years from graduation. Suppose that each one should make a contribution of \$10 to Alma Mater each year.

That would mean that in the run of a year, 6,000 people would be paying \$60,000 into the University's coffers. Does this sound fantastic? At the present rates of interest in investment it would take TWO MILLION dollars to produce that amount of money.

Frankly, the idea is borrowed from Dr. F. W. Patterson, the president of Acadia University, who gave an inspiring address to the Halifax Acadia Club on Tuesday night, and mooted such a scheme. He stated that the small gifts and not the large ones were the most necessary of a University.

Can you gainsay this suggestion, in view of the fact that TWO MILLIONS is not so easily raked out of the clouds these days.

Do you know that your University pays about five-eighths of your education expenses and that even the hundreds you spend here do not adequately cover the situation.

The answer is obvious. Why not form a "\$10 per year club"?—McC.

was soaked, but no one complained. At last one group of feminine lovelies could bear it no longer, jumped lithely from the stands, and made a beeline for the Hall. "Take their names", kidded the hardy males, "those girls get no dates!" Far in their wake trudged a weobegone fugitive from a milk stool, something Nature had created in one of her dirty moods. Skinner looked hard; then, scrunching deeper into his coat, muttered, "Well there goes another one we won't date". He IS "Wit'ty these days, no kidding.

Don't forget, fellows. Horizontal Club meets at Wolfville, October 28. As usual, the meeting opens with "Morphine Bill." Two men who for the past two and three years have been adamant are requesting admission. So be on hand. Happy Landings!

A DOUBLE TROUBLE
One Siamese twin to another— You must have had a swell time last night. I look a wreck today.



Last week we reported how the visits of former students had delighted all Engineers. Please note one exception, namely, "Lips" Yeaton, who awaited Swain's arrival with gloom rather than glee. Don't ask for an explanation; it is one angle of the eternal triangle which has our mathematical brain trust stumped.

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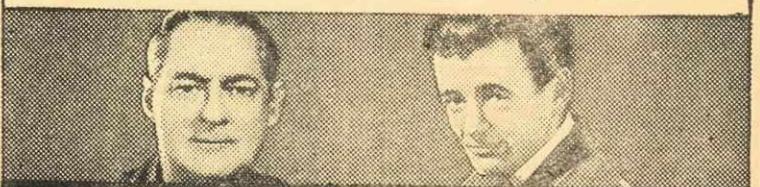


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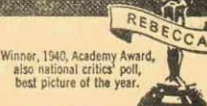
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